

The Camden Confederate.

VOLUME I.

CAMDEN, SO. CA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1862.

NUMBER 12.

The Camden Confederate

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
J. T. HERSHMAN,
AT TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,
PAYABLE INVARIABLY HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE.

Terms for Advertising:

For one Square—fourteen lines or less—ONE DOLLAR for the first, and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent insertion.

OBITUARY NOTICES, exceeding one Square, charged for at advertising rates.

Transient Advertisements and Job Work MUST BE PAID FOR IN ADVANCE.

No deduction made, except to our regular advertising patrons.

ADVERTISING TERMS PER ANNUM.

One Square, 3 months,	- - - - -	\$5
" " 6 "	- - - - -	8
" " 12 "	- - - - -	12
Two Squares, 3 months,	- - - - -	8
" " 6 "	- - - - -	13
" " 12 "	- - - - -	18
Three Squares 3 mos.,	- - - - -	12
" " 6 "	- - - - -	18
" " 12 "	- - - - -	25
Four Squares 3 mos.,	- - - - -	16
" " 6 "	- - - - -	24
" " 12 "	- - - - -	30

Eight dollars per annum for every additional square.

BUSINESS, and PROFESSIONAL CARDS EIGHT DOLLARS a-year. All advertisements for less than three months CASH. If the number of insertions is not specified in writing advertisements, will be continued till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Announcing CANDIDATES, three months, Five Dollars over that time, the usual rates will be charged.

No advertisement, however small, will be considered less than a square; and transient rates charged on all for a less time than three months.

TO TRAVELLERS.

SCHEDULE OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA RAIL ROAD.



NORTHERN ROUTE.

STATIONS.	DAY TRAINS.	NIGHT TRAINS.
Leave Charleston.....	7.00 a m	6.30 p m
Arrive at Kingsville, the Junction of the Wilmington & Manchester R. R.....	2.45 p m	3.15 a m
Arrive at Columbia.....	4.30 p m	5.20 a m
Arrive at Camden.....	4.40 p m

Leave Camden.....	5.20 a m
Leave Columbia.....	4.50 a m	1.40 p m
Leave Kingsville, the Junction of the Wilmington & Manchester Railroad.....	6.45 a m	3.25 p m
Arrive at Charleston.....	3.00 p m	4.30 a m.

WESTERN ROUTE.

STATIONS.	DAY TRAINS.	NIGHT TRAINS.
Leave Charleston.....	5.45 a m	2.30 p m
Arrive at Augusta.....	1.15 p m	11.15 p m

Leave Augusta.....	5.00 a m	7.30 p m
Arrive at Charleston.....	3.30 p m	4.30 a m

THROUGH TRAVEL BETWEEN AUGUSTA AND KINGSVILLE

STATIONS.	DAY TRAINS.	NIGHT TRAINS.
Leave Augusta.....	8.00 a m	7.30 p m
Arrive at Kingsville.....	2.45 p m	3.15 a m

Leave Kingsville.....	6.45 a m	3.25 p m
Arrive at Augusta.....	1.15 p m	11.15 p m

MID-DAY TRAIN BETWEEN CAMDEN AND KINGSVILLE,

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY.

DOWN.		UP.	
Leave Camden, 10.20a. m.	Leave Kingsville, 7.30a. m.	Leave Camden, 1.08 p. m.	Leave Kingsville, 7.46 "
Leave Boykin's, 1.08 p. m.	Leave Clarkson's, 7.46 "	Leave Camden, 1.45 "	Leave Manchester Junction, 8.10 a. m.
Leave Claremont, 1.45 "	Leave Middleton, 8.20 "	Leave Camden, 2.10 "	Leave Middleton, 8.20 "
Leave Middleton, 2.10 "	Leave Camden, 2.43 "	Leave Camden, 2.43 "	Leave Boykin's, 9.20 "
Leave Manchester Junction, 2.20, p. m.	Arrive at Camden, 9.50 "	Arrive at Kingsville, 3.00, Nov. 8—11	H. T. PEAKE, Gen'l Sup't.

Oats and Cow Peas

FOR SALE FOR CASH, AT THE 'OLD CORNER.'
November 1 E. W. BONNEY.

Notice.

I HAVE THIS DAY, OCTOBER 24, SOLD OUT my entire stock of Goods, Wares and Merchandise, in the town of Camden, to J. M. Springer, Esq., who will continue the business at the same stand I have occupied heretofore in the said town. All persons who are in anywise indebted to me, will please make payment of the same to said J. M. Springer, at an early day; and all who have claims against me will present them to him for settlement.
December 13 R. SPRINGER.

THE HEIR OF LINN.

BY WILLIAM J. SNELLING.

There is as beautiful Scotch ballad by this title as I ever saw in my life, it made a very strong impression upon me; but as the ballad is not to be found, I will endeavor to tell the story in plain prose:

The Laird of Linn, in Galway, was one of the richest landed proprietors in Scotland. Besides the lands and dwellings, he had flocks and herds, and a good stock of gold. Moreover, he was a man of frugal and parsimonious disposition, so that the men of Galway avoided his company, and the whole town cried shame on him. Nevertheless, his riches grew and increased to a mighty sum, and there was no telling what heaps of treasure he had concealed.

The Laird of Linn did not marry till late in life, and his wife died within a year after his marriage. She left him one child, a son, who was the joy and plague of his existence. Though naturally of a generous temper, he was wild, reckless and extravagant. Seeing and hearing his father ridiculed every day for his miserly temper and habits, he resolved at all events not to be like him, and spent all he could lay his hands on among low, dissolute companions, in riotous living—so true it is that one extreme often produces another. It was in vain that his father remonstrated with him; he only grew worse as he grew older.

At last the Laird of Linn lay on his death bed. He had outlived all his near relations, and he had no friends, so that he was obliged to leave all his substance to his son, and besides, next to his gold he loved his prodigal heir. Previous to his death he called the heir of Linn to his bed side, and thus spoke:

"My son, when my lips are cold in death and my tongue silent in the grave, I know how it will be with you. You will spend all the substance of your ancestors, and all the gold I got together, in dissipation and extravagance. Nevertheless, I do not wish my son to live a beggar. Therefore give heed to my only dying command, and if you disregard it, may a father's dying curse cling to you. The upper chamber of my house in Kippletringan is now locked up and the key thrown into the sea. When you have lost both gold and lands, when you are actually suffering for a crust to appease your hunger break the door open, and you will find a certain relief, but if you break the door open before that time, I say again, may a father's curse cling to you."

With these words the old man fell back and expired.

The heir of Linn did not grieve long for his parent. He soon after threw open his house to all comers. His forest fell beneath the axe. His chimneys were always smoking, a hundred men sat daily at his board, and he bought horses and hounds, and lent money without counting it to his dissolute companions; he jested and drank and gambled, as if he could not get rid of his substance in all these ways; he took no care of his affairs, but gave up the guidance of them to a bailiff or steward named John of Scales, who was a knave and a notorious usurer. John cheated his master in a variety of ways, and put more than half his rent in his own pocket.

At last what the heir of Linn's father had foreseen, came to pass. His money was all gone, he had no means of keeping up his excesses except by selling his land; but no one rich enough to buy them except John of Scales, and every one knew how he came by his money. The young Laird was desperately in want of cash to pay his gambling debts, and moreover heated with wine when the unjust steward offered to buy his estate. It was a hard case, but after much discussion he agreed upon the bargain.

"Give me your gold, good John of Scales,

and my lands shall be yours forever," said the heir of Linn.

Then John counted down the money in clean gold, and a hard bargain his master had of it. For every pound that John agreed to pay the land was worth three.

The last money went like the first, and the heir of Linn was a beggar. He first went to the house that had once been his own, but now belonged to John of Scales, to seek some relief. He looked at the window of the great banquetting hall, but there was no feasting going on in it. The fire was out and the dinner table taken away, and all was desolate and dismal. "Here's sorry cheer," said the heir of Linn.

John would not give him a penny, but told him to go to his friends that he had spent so much money upon foolishly. He did so, but it did no good. Some pretended not to know him, and none would lend him even a farthing, or even offer him a dinner, so he wandered about forlorn and hungry for two days; for work he could not, and to beg he was ashamed. At last in his extreme misery he bethought himself of his father's dying words. I have not sold the house in Kippletringan yet," said he, "for no one would buy it. I will go and break open the upper chamber. My father said I would find relief there, and perhaps he ment treasure. If it should so prove, I will be a wiser man than I was, and not waste it on knaves."

To the house then he went, and broke the chamber door open. He found relief indeed.

There was nothing in the room but a high stool, and directly over it a halter dangling from a hook in the ceiling. He looked up and read these words;

"Ah! graceless wretch and wanton fool! You are ruined forever. This is the only relief for those who have wasted their patrimony as you have done. Behold, then, put the halter round your neck, and jump from the stool, and save your family from the disgrace of beggary."

"Very excellent counsel," said the heir of Linn, "and as I must either hang or starve, I think I'll take my father's advice and hang. It is the shortest death of the two."

So he mounted and fastened the halter around his neck and kicked the stool from under.

But the heir of Linn was not so to die. The board into which the hook was driven gave way with his weight, and he fell on the floor with a shower of gold coin rattling about his ears. I will not say he felt no pain on the next day, but at that moment he certainly felt none. Joy rushed to his heart like a torrent, at seeing himself rescued from death and beggary. The space between the ceiling and the roof contained an enormous treasury. On the upper side of the board with which he thought to suspend himself, was fastened a letter addressed to him. He hastily tore it open and read as follows:

"My dear son I know your character, and no expostulation or advice can wean you from the desperate course you are pursuing. Nothing but misery sharper than death can work the cure. If, therefore, your misfortune and sufferings should be so grievous that you prefer death to their endurance, you will not rashly encounter them again. You have made the trial; take my gold and redeem your lands; and become a better man."

The heir of Linn did not leave the spot without putting up a prayer to heaven for the soul of a parent whose admirable wisdom had discovered the means of raising him from beggary and despair to affluence, and of weaning him from the follies and vices which had so disgraced his character. To evince his gratitude, he resolved to amend his life from that day forward, and become all that a father's heart could wish.

But he first thought he would make one more trial on his false friends on whom he

had wasted his time, his substance, and his character. He therefore kept his newly discovered wealth a great secret, until he heard that John of Scales was to give a grand entertainment, and all the lords and ladies of Galway were to be there.

When the heir of Linn entered his father's hall, it was crowded with richly dressed gentry but he was in beggars rags. He appealed to the charity of the company, saying he was starving. To one he said, "You have dined at my board a thousand times, will you deny me the crumbs that fall from your own?" To another, "I give you a pair of steeds and trappings." And to another he said, "I lent you a thousand pounds and never asked you to repay me;" and so on to all the rest of the company. But instead of remembering his favors, they reviled him and called him a spendthrift, beggar, and all manner of vile names. Some said it was a shame that such a wretched looking object should be suffered to come among them; and one to whom more than all the rest his purse had been open, called upon the servant to thrust him out of doors.

But one man took his part. It was master Richard Lackland, a poor younger son of a wealthy gentleman. He stood up and said, "I never ate at the board of the heir of Linn; I never rode his horses, or shared his purse, or received a favor from him the amount of a farthing. But what then? he was a worthy gentleman when he had the means. I have twelve golden nobles, and that is all that I possess in the world, and there are six of them at the service of the man whose hand was never shut to the poor. And as I am a gentleman; no man shall lay a finger on him while I wear a sword."

A glad man was the heir of Linn to find one man worthy to be his friend. He took the six nobles and advanced towards John of Scales, who was standing at the end of the hall attired in gorgeous apparel.

"You at least," said the heir of Linn, "ought to relieve my necessities, for you have grown rich on my ruin, and I gave you a good bargain on my lands."

Then John of Scales began to revile him and to declare that he had given him much more than the lands were worth; for he did not like to be reminded of his extortion before so goodly a company.

"Nay," said he to the heir of Linn, "if you will but return to me half of what I paid you for your father's estate, you shall have it back again."

"Perhaps I will find friends who will lend me the sum—therefore give me a promise under your hand and seal, and I will see what can be done."

John of Scales knew that but few people of the country had so much money, even if it were a common thing to lend money to a beggar, and he had just seen what reliance was to be placed upon friends in such a case. He had not the least idea that the heir of Linn would ever be the owner of a hundredth part of the sum. He therefore called for pen, ink and paper, and sat down before the company and wrote the promise, and right scoffingly gave it to his former master.

Then the heir of Linn strode to the window and opened it, and took a bugle from a tatter-gabbering and blew it until the joists and rafters shook with the din. Presently a fair troop of servants rode up, well armed and mounted, leading a mule with them laden with treasures. They dismounted and brought the bags of gold into the hall.

"My father's lands are my own again," cried the heir of Linn joyously; and before the company had recovered from their astonishment he had counted down to John of Scales just the sum he had agreed to take then turning to his servants he said:

"Scourge me this viper out of the house of Linn with dog whips. And it was immediately done.

The company crowded around him to congratulate him on receiving his patrimony, and excusing their own neglect and ingratitude. But he said to them:

"Caitiffs, slaves, dogs, begone! Polute the floor of my house no longer! If you enter my grounds again, I will have the servants loose the hounds upon you!"

To master Lackland he said: "Come to my arms, come to my heart, my brother! Live in my home, and share with the heir of Linn in all things." And the heir of Linn became another man, and an ornament to his country, and a blessing to his tenants.